Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

25

May 1924

explosion of pedigreed bunk

True Confessions

America's Fastest Growing Magazine

The May issue Abounds in Astounding Confessions of Love

Mystery and Adventure told by Men and women Who have Really lived

"SCARLET *and* ERMINE

A Magnificent, five-part serial
Begins in the May Number

The entrance of Nina Arnett, a beautiful little pagan, into his office, is the beginning of a bewildering series of happenings in the life of Griffith Madison, a phlegmatic, small-town lawyer and husband of a drab, careless wife.

There is a gripping simplicity about this story, yet is so vividly and so poignantly told that one will follow it breathlessly as from a ringside seat. It's a story that searches deep under the surface of life—one that will be widely discussed. We suggest that you order your copy of the May issue now.

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Inclosed find 25c for which send me one copy of the May number, or inclosed, find $1.50 for 6 months' subscription to *True Confessions* magazine.

Name ..... Address .....

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MAY, 1924 —◇— *VOL. V, NO.* 59

Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang entered as second class matter May 1, 1920, at the postoffice at Robbinsdale, Minn. and at the postoffice at Minneapolis, Minn., April 24, 1923, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents are copyrighted, but republication of any part permitted when credited to Whiz Bang. Title registered. Copyright 1924. Price, 25 cents; $3.00 per year. Winter Annual, $1.00. Smokehouse Poetry Book, $1.00.

This Magazine is Edited by a Spanish-American and World War Veteran and is Dedicated to the Fighting Forces of the United States and Canada.

Items 9, 10, Jack, Queen!

AS WE write this we have just finished figuring out our income tax report.

Alas, how times have changed. The old sources of paternal humor, the banana peel, the stovepipe and the soot down one's neck, the hole in the floor that the fat man invariably stepped into—all, all are gone.

We have just finished figuring out our income tax report.

TODAY to make existence humorously delightful one has to wade through a lot of incomes, deductions, parentheses and parchesi scores such as the following: Name..... On New Year's eve were you supporting a wife?..... Were you on speaking terms?.....Were you able to walk yourself?.....Do you play Mah Jong?..... Have you ever had delerium tremens?.....Total income, Items 1 to 2:30, out to lunch.....Balance of Items 3 to 2, 10 innings.....

We have just finished figuring out our income tax report.

DOC W. H. EVANS, who conducts a syndicated health column in various newspapers, recently was asked how long babies should be nursed. He replied: "The same as short ones."

Perhaps "Doc" had just been figuring out his income tax report. Even so he didn't miss the mark much more than an eel's wriggle. It doesn't make any difference how much bootlegging, panhandling, sponging or cleaning you have done, or whether your bank balance is a long or a short one your income tax report has to be nursed in just the same manner.

We're looney.

We have just been figuring out our income tax report.

Yours for a 50% surtax on all pitchforks without morocco bindings.

W. J. Fawcett

"We Have Room for but One Soul Loyalty and that is Loyalty to the American People"—Theodore Roosevelt. . . . . . .

SODBUSTERS

¶ *A super-man is a fellow who can get a Follies girl to ride with him in a second-hand flivver.*

¶ *Many a bachelor's ship has been wrecked on a permanent wave.*

¶ *Nowadays people marry in haste and repeat at leisure.*

¶ *Most girls are wild about winter sports—when they have closed cars.*

¶ *We hope that bobbing the women's hair doesn't have the same effect on them that it had on Sampson.*

¶ *One advantage a bachelor has over a married man is that he can put on his socks from either end.*

Whiz Bang Farm, April 1, 1924.

PERSONALITY plus! While stopping at the Sherman house in Chicago recently, my red-haired manager and I chanced upon an old friend who is making his way in this world by his personality —eight feet nine inches or 440 pounds of personality. He is John Aasen, giant in Harold Lloyd's "Why Worry?"

Thousands of film fans have seen this mountainous man in the picture, but how many of them know that he was Gus's predecessor on Whiz Bang farm?

Our meeting was a surprise. I was strolling about the Sherman house, musing on the backwardness of the management in not pulling some horseshoe pitching contests in the lobby, when I ran plumb into John Aasen. He isn't a person you can exactly miss even in a crowd. After a handshake that nearly wrecked my star-

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

board pump-handle, my wife and I each took a chair and John took six of 'em; and we sat down to talk over old times.

About four years ago when Whiz Bang was printed on the old hand-press at the farm, John (then a frail lad of not more than 439 pounds) used to act as printer's devil and hired hand de luxe. It would have been congenial work only for one thing—he found it a back-breaking job to stoop over and pick up magazine bundles. John might have gone the way of lots of other printer's devils—kicked over the forms and blown the town—if it hadn't been for a happy arrangement. Lawrence Buck, a midget, happened by these parts, so I hired him and teamed him up with the giant.

The two then worked together as handily as volunteer firemen passing buckets, stokers juggling coal or the Siamese Twins playing "paddy-cake."

They might still be in tandem around the farm if it hadn't been for the insidious lure of the movies. John Aasen heeded the come-hither glance of the Kleig lights and has become famous. He confided to me that he meant to take a trip to Honolulu and he was busy working out ambitious plans for the future.

As the glad-handers would have it, John Aasen is an example of Personality Plus. He's getting up in the world because he's up in the world.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

WHILE in Northern Minnesota not long ago, I wandered into one of those backwoods settlements that the modern world has brushed by without disturbing. I was wearing my khaki uniform on the trip and this seemed to catch the eye of an old tobacco-chawing pappy.

"Good morning, sir," I said to the old-timer.

"Mornin' to you, stranger, an' that er yellow suit of yourn," he responded. "Be ye in the army?"

"Well, I have been, grandpa," I replied. Then, thinking that maybe word of the Armistice hadn't reached him, I added in jest, "how do you like the way the war's going?"

"Waal," he drawled, "if th' boys keep on fightin' I wouldn't be a dern bit surprised to hear Lee has up an' surrendered."

* * *

No more will the game hog, in many quarters, be held up as a prize sportsman, but rather as a poor sport. Several state game commissions have made a solemn vow that never again will they sponsor pictures for publicity propaganda which show heaps of slain birds or strings of wasted fish. A fine idea—if it isn't carried to the extreme of planting memorial flowers at the traps where clay-pigeons have had their tail feathers shot out.

* * *

I WITNESSED an amusing incident the other day on a Twin City street car. A man sat next to me, stiffly holding his hands a few inches apart. The conductor asked

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

for his fare and he told him to put his hand in his pocket and get the money. The conductor did so, and an inquisitive man next to him asked if his hands were paralyzed. He replied: "I can move my hands as good as anybody, only I am going to buy a pair of shoes for my wife and I don't want to lose the size."

* * *

Poker was the favorite indoor sport last winter around Whiz Bang farm. At any rate, Gus was seen each day taking out a stack of chips.

* * *

OLAF, see that noble-looking, pink-faced gentleman over there? Well, he's a philanthropist."

"What's a philanthropist?"

"Your ignorance is delicious. A philanthropist is a public benefactor. A lover of his fellow man."

"The son-of-a-gun!" said Olaf.

* * *

"Some men," says Chief of Police Bloberger, "are not dishonest, they are just broadminded on the subject."

* * *

AT a recent Mah Jongg party given at the farm, a heated argument arose over the age of the game. Deacon Callahan said it was founded by Confucious hundreds of years ago and, according to the records, was the earliest form of amusement in the world. One

of the neighbors who lives down the road a piece piped up and said he had read of an earlier craze that was founded in Palestine by some Chino-Hebrews which was called "Yawn Shing."

* * *

The barber at Breezy Point Lodge showed up late one morning and I asked him what caused the delay.

"I was shaving myself," he explained, "and I couldn't get away until I'd talked myself into a hair-cut and shampoo."

* * *

"LOTS of animated conversation," says Maggie, my flapjack expert, "has been tossed hither and yon over the question, 'When should a woman marry?' Although I've come across nary a bit of legislation on the subject, there seems to be a sort of precedent established in this neck of the woods that a girl should get married on her wedding day."

* * *

Did you ever notice that when the band plays "Dixie" the ones that cheer loudest come from Hopkinsville, Minn., What Cheer, Iowa, Passadumkeag, Maine, Puyallup, Wash., and intermediate points east and west—but seldom from south of the Mason and Dixon line. (Hope my wife doesn't see this one.)

* * *

THE other week I received a poem from a gentleman sojourning at the moment in a certain penitentiary famed well in story if not in song. It was so excellent—this poem—that in sending a check to the writer I men-

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

tioned that I should be glad to consider other poems from the same pen.

Came back the short but snappy reply:

"Sir, I'm the only darned poet in this gosh-darned place."

* * *

Well, sir, it certainly pays to advertise. I never was so aware of this as the other night when Mrs. Fawcett and I drove the pair of bays into Minneapolis and went to the movies. On one side of the theater entrance was a sign that read: "Now showing 'Three Weeks' by Elinor Glyn" and on the other side, "Come inside and keep warm."

* * *

ONE homing old lady of Robbinsdale who hadn't been out of the county for years had to make a trip to Chicago recently and, accordingly, went to the ticket office in Minneapolis.

She was told that all the accommodations had been taken on the 6:45 P. M. train but that she could get a berth on the road's new train.

"If it's a new train I don't want to ride on it," she exclaimed. "I'm afraid the engineer won't be able to find his way."

* * *

Gus says he'll give a week's salary and half his board to any Whiz Bang hound who can add two lines to this alleged poem and get me to publish it:

The lightning flashed and the thunder roared,
Our little pig curled up its tail and snored.

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DEACON MILLER is looking with a prejudiced eye on these placid days. Thus he puts it:

Play a little Mah-Jongg
Have a little chat;
Make a little chocolate fudge;
Then go find your hat.
Say you've had a jolly time
As hostess waves her fan.
Now isn't that exciting sport
To tempt a healthy man?

* * *

Zeph White up Pequot way doesn't think it's spring yet because he hasn't seen any bock beer signs to announce its coming.

* * *

ONE of my good Whiz Bang friends must think I'm a walking encyclopedia. Recently he asked me who was the first carpenter in the world. Durned if I know—and perhaps it wouldn't be right for me to tell if I did.

* * *

It is a heap easier to row down stream than to pull against the current. And at the end of your journey you will find you have gone a whole lot farther.

* * *

IT is astonishing how an aggressive chump can butt in and succeed simply on his nerve. He gets some bumps, but his hide is tough and his skull thick. To a sensitive person he's as nauseating as limberger cheese to a dyspeptic.

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PRESS reports say the University of Washington now has a correspondence course for mothers on how to handle babies. Lesson No. 1 is probably on the subject, Lunch Hour.

* * *

In order to invite suspicion, a woman need only possess beautiful hair, an ideal complexion or a superb figure.

* * *

THE finest thing a hog can think of is a trough full of eats and some soft mud to lie in and sleep. These ambitions are easily attained and the hog enjoys himself. If you want to be happy, cultivate his ways.

* * *

Our motto is: Life, liberty and the pursuit of snappiness.

* * *

A MISERLY farmer near Robbinsdale, was in Brainerd when he received a telegram from his hired man which read:

"Come home; your best cow is dying."

The farmer was weeping when he alighted from the train, but his hired man gave him a reassuring pat on the back.

"Brace up, boss! I thought I'd break the news gently. It's your wife that's dead!"

* * *

Olaf now flaunts a degree which proclaims him as "Bachelor of Bugs and Doctor of Indisposed Radio Sets."

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

Fence Post Observations

ACCORDING to the clerk of the West Hotel in Minneapolis, Gus has been initiated into the Order of the Bath with all the pomp and ceremony crowded into that ritual.

"Yes, sir," the clerk told me, "your hired man came in here, hired a room and then fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."

"Do tell. And did the tub overflow?"

"No," responded the clerk. "Luckily he slept with his mouth open."

* * *

It used to be wine, women and song. Now it's methyl alcohol, a trained nurse and "Lead Kindly Light."

* * *

THE country, it seems, is always referred to by the literati with raptures, while the city comes in for execrations. Yet many a scribe who fondles a rural delight and an urban aversion lives not where the fields are green but where the asphalt is sticky. And why? Perhaps Hamlin Garland, the author, explains it.

"On its physical side," says Mr. Garland, "I hate the city. I loathe its bad air, its ugly brick walls, its tin cornices, its ridiculous water tanks and its ever present garbage cans; but I find in it the intellectual companionship which I crave."

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Still, if Ham Garland really hankers for intellectual companionship he ought to gather around the cracker barrel in Robbinsdale.

* * *

A battered old Liz, parked near the town pump, bore this sign recently: "Girls, if you had as little paint on as this Ford, you'd look just as bad."

* * *

LAST week my wife and I took a run up to my summer resort at Breezy Point Lodge to see how everything had fared during the winter. Near Brainerd we had gas troubles —the usual shortage— and had to stop immediately in front of a graveyard. While waiting for assistance I read some of the headstones. One of them ran:

Here lies my darling wife;
She's gone beyond recall.
Throughout her happy life,
She was loved by all.

"Some girl," remarked Clarence Parker, of Minot, N. D.—one of my guests. "The husband should have sued 'em for alienation of affections."

* * *

Over at Stillwater an old maid took advantage of Leap Year to propose to a recently released convict with the hope of reforming him. It didn't reform him, but it taught him that he'd got to be a dern sight more careful in the future.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

OLAF stopped turning the cream separator long enough the other evening to tell me he had a new girl.

"Well," I said, interested as usual in my hay-shaker's love affairs, "where does she live and what does she do?"

"She lives in Brainerd," he replied, "and she's a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

"Dairy maid in a candy kitchen?" I demanded. "No funny business, Olaf. What does she do?"

"Milk chocolates."

* * *

The zoologists, says Olaf, are still looking for that curious Gospel hymn animal, "The Consecrated Cross I'd Bear."

* * *

EVIDENTLY Whiz Bang travels far afield. A reader in Paris (France, not Missouri) seeing the announcement that I shall visit that city as manager of the American Olympic trap-shooting team, writes to ask if I can use a good guide to show me the sights. I thanked him, but replied in the negative. While in Paris, I think I shall let my conscience be my guide.

* * *

YOURS till they sell corkscrews as antiques.

Whiz Bang Bill

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At the Pearly Gates

Applicant—I wish to be admitted.

St. Peter—We do need another harpist. Can you play any musical instrument?

Applicant—Well, I can pick out simple tunes on the saxophone.

St. Peter—The next boat for Hades leaves in ten minutes.

• • •

GUS SAYS HE'S BOUND FOR HAWAII TO PITCH OFF A LOAD OF HAY AND SEE THE "UNCOVERED WAGON."

• • •

In the Dear Old Golden Rule Days

Teacher: "Define 'sympathy.'"

Little Johnny: "A fellow feeling."

Teacher: "Give an example."

Little Johnny: "Blind man's bluff."

• • •

The Armpit Blues

Our village artist has a model,
A Venus in any show;
Though she's a blonde he thinks her hair
Is bleached—he ought to know.

• • •

Darn the Sun and Air

Jack—"Last night I had the sweetest dream about you and was just about to kiss you when the sun gleamed through the curtains and awoke me."

Jacqueline—"Darn this daylight saving anyway."

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

WHEN we invited the song title writers to twang their lyres, we started something —the contributions are still coming in, although the contest closed a long while ago. Here are a few more of the snappiest titles, even though they didn't win prizes:

"BETTER USE THE BOTTLE OPENER, GRANDMA, YOU'LL RUIN YOUR GUMS,"
Williard Colbert, Keyport, Wash.

"SINCE THEY TARRED AND FEATHERED FATHER, HE'S FEELING LIKE A BIRD,"
Sol Bernstein, New York City, N. Y.

"MOTHER SIGNED THE REDUCTION COUPON, NOW SHE'S KILLED THE FATTED CALF,"
John M. Hampton, Ballinger, Texas.

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL THE AGE OF A BATH-TUB BY COUNTING THE NUMBER OF RINGS,"
Leland Clark, Venice, Calif.

"WHEN FATHER GROWS CHIN WHISKERS, WE CAN SELL HIM TO THE ZOO,"
R. V. A. Sheldon, Rockville, Ind.

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We Dutiful Men

"When we are married," he declared passionately, "I shall never, never spend an hour away from you if I can help it."

Realizing that he spoke in earnest, and having quite other ideas about marriage, she handed him back his ring.

* * *

ENGLISH VERSION—"YES, WE HAVE NO LONG TROPICAL FRUIT."

* * *

Kall the Kops!

'Twas Kleagle and the kuspidors
Did kringe and kittle by the Klud,
While kumquat were the korridors,
The Kaiser klucked his kud.

* * *

She's a Bear

"Elinor has a weak back."
"How come?"
"She can't bare much more."

* * *

Puppet Vouches For This One

"Help, help!" cried the timid young thing as she ran through the field of daisies and morning glories towards her escort.

"Why, what are you afraid of?"

"Oh, Jack dear. The flowers are so wild."

* * *

Ethel—Who gave you the beautiful ring?
Marge—Jack did. He was the nicest man I was ever divorced from.

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New Orleans Take Note

There is one thing about the Mississippi river that I adore: the further up you go the better the scenery.

* * *

No Hero He—

"Uncle Tom," said his young nephew to an old bachelor, "tell me about some of the narrow escapes you've had from the women."

"Boy," was the response, "if there was any narrow escapes the women had 'em!"

* * *

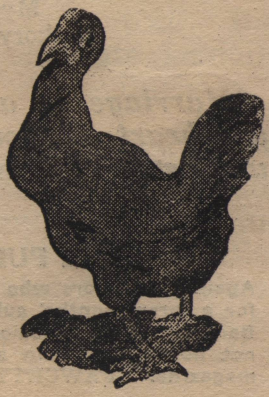
Have You Ever Met Her?

Jack—"What's your name, Girlie?"
Jill—"Ida."
Jack—"Ida what?"
Jill—"Ida wanna walk home."

* * *

The Old Hen Says:

Many men have the reputation of being good, when in fact they are only bashful.



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Do You Know Her?

"She was not a cattleman's daughter, but there was live stock in her hair."

"She was an artist's model—the cops could find nothing on her."

"She was an undertaker's daughter—she knocked them all dead."

"She married a motorman—more power to her."

"She had nothing on for Saturday night, so she stayed home and joined the Order of the Bath Tub."

"She was a butcher's daughter—many times did she give her hand away."

* * *

Tat For Tit

Hickory Dickory Dock,
I bought some private stock,
The stuff was punk,
My check was bunk,
Hickory Dickory Dock.

* * *

Marriage is a device for giving a man's sweetheart of today an advantage over his sweetheart of tomorrow.

* * *

THE PUBLIC IS CAUTIONED

Against solicitors who go through the country taking orders for a three months' subscription to either Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang or True Confessions Magazine. Fawcett Publications will not honor less than a six months' subscription for either magazine. FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Splash! Then Hot Water Boils for Barbara LaMarr

Hollywood, Calif., April 1, 1924.

EVER since Barbara La Marr made such loud bath splashes that she was asked to leave the Hillcrest Apartments, seems that hot water has been following her about. We had Barbara all settled with Jack Dougherty as a new husband when there was an agitation afoot to let a former spouse, Phil Ainsworth, out of San Quentin on parole. Then Herman Roth, a Hollywood lawyer, played with tainted money and exposed the fact that Ben Deely was probably Barbara's husband and that she wasn't really a legal wife of Jack at all. Barbara and Jack have taken up separate domiciles until some one decides to whom Barbara is really married.

But the real low-downs say Barbara still loves Ben Deely, a gay butterfly who seldom hovers around one flower for long. Ben just now is playing the gallant to Mrs. Monte Blue, who recently divorced her film star husband, and it is said that the other day Mrs. Blue expressed her intention of paying a social call at Miss La Marr's home.

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"Tell her I will be out," said Miss La Marr, "but she is always welcome to chat with the servants."

The wages of sin may be death, but it looks as though the wages of a screen vampire have her booked for a lot of trouble.

* * *

Two threatened divorce suits are on the mend. Mae Allison Ellis and Robert Ellis are living in different flats but Bob calls up Mae almost every evening and asks her if she would like to go to a party he knows about and she says yes, she'd love to. They have a nice time and say good night at Mae's door, but it doesn't seem as though it would be very long before the business of paying rent in two places proved highly impractical.

* * *

ALMOST impossible to keep a maid in Hollywood these days! Even Mary Pickford, who thought after four years' service that hers was tied, found just lately that the lady had screen ambitions. Now Mme. de Bodamere, as she is known, has moved over to the Studio Club in Hollywood and is all ready to burst into pictures. In broken English, she explains enthusiastically that she wants to be the female Wallace Beery of the screen—whatever that may be!

* * *

Cullen Landis and his wife have come to the parting of the ways in the divorce court. It seems that a great difference in the ages of the pair was one cause of a difference in point of view. Mrs. Landis is some ten years the senior of Cullen.

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SEEMS Texas Guinan and Barney Oldfield put over an awful big deal lately. Texas, you know, is the very successful hostess of a smart New York cafe. During a recent trip to New York, Barney visited the place and somebody was lavish and generous with the spirits. Barney began to think about the grand old state of California and while throwing ten dollar bills at the orchestra with entreaties that they keep on playing "I Love You California," he danced about with Texas and made plans for a film company that would eclipse all others. By midnight Barney had shipped $100,000 worth of racing cars from Detroit to Hollywood to be used in the new picture company and the lady had ordered another $100,000 worth of peppy horses sent right out from Texas!

* * *

Will Hays, big boss of the movies, no matter whether he is in New York or Hollywood, phones Mrs. Hays at Sullivan, Indiana, every day and makes a lot of nice pleasant inquiries about what has happened since the day before. Traveling men and other "misunderstood" husbands please note.

* * *

ANN LUTHER, wife of Ed Gallagher, has arrived in Hollywood and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Syd Chaplin. She confirmed reports that she and her husband had separated —for a cash settlement of $25,000—but that she

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does not intend to bring divorce action. The pair has agreed to disagree.

Rumor has it that Ed is again interested in Hilda Morena, Follies beauty, who was named as co-respondent in Mrs. Helen Gallagher's suit for divorce. Hilda, nursing a broken heart, turned to Frank Auditore, the stevedore who came into a million. Frank, too, had suffered a disappointment, for it seems his former traveling companion, Irene Wales (also of the Follies), whom he took to Europe last summer, fell in love with another man and embarked on a matrimonial cruise. It looked as though Frank and Hilda had a common bond of sympathy but will Ed Gallagher now apparently free again, cause this match to go awry?

And perhaps fair Ann Luther has an old flame in Hollywood!

* * *

Blanche Sweet and Mabel Normand visit a milk sanitarium every so often and report that if you're good and guzzle your five quarts a day regularly for a week, you're permitted to lick a postage stamp for dessert on Sunday.

* * *

NOW that Charles Duell is all neatly separated from friend wife, it seems that young Lillian Gish is having a hard time making up her mind to marry this swain with hoary locks. Friend Duell is much older than Lillian and the heart of the young actress flut-

tered toward Pierre Troys, a handsome young officer of the S. S. Conte Rosso, when she recently returned to Italy. Lillian has stage ambitions and it may be that if she breaks her contract with Duell (he is head of Inspiration Pictures), she will return to the footlights, heart whole and fancy free.

* * *

Herbert Brenon and Mrs. Brenon gave a very saucy dinner party at the Ambassador the other evening in honor of their twentieth wedding anniversary. The well-known Lasky director was married on St. Valentine's day in 1904 and Cupid must have been shooting straight that year.

* * *

JACQUELINE LOGAN seems to be having her difficulties. Jack Nolan, of Colorado Springs, last year denied her assertion that he was going to marry her and now George Melford, popular director, who has been carrying on a perfectly noticeable romance with Jacqueline, got up in divorce court the other day and announced that he knew her but was not in love with her! Maybe his lawyer told him that was the technical remark to make in order to secure a divorce. Anyway, the film colony is buzzing.

* * *

Christmas cheer almost separated another couple—pretty Francelia Billington and Lester Cuno. They're lately made up, we hear, and Francelia has dismissed her suit for divorce.

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ALICE LAKE will wed Robert Williams, New York actor, she says. Williams has been very ill in Hollywood and declares he owes his recovery to Miss Lake's careful nursing. Alice was formerly Roscoe Arbuckle's leading woman and it is said that a romance existed between the pair until Franklyn Farnum won the lady. Then Bert Lytell became enamored of Alice and his wife, Evelyn Vaughn, told him to "choose between" and he chose—the wife. Alice has had numerous other romances in filmland and her vivacity, beauty and sense of humor have made her popular.

* * *

De Wolf Hopper's fifth matrimonial venture has also gone on the rocks. The comedian's wife, Hedda Hopper, has done some clever work in the films.

* * *

CORINNE GRIFFITH threw a bombshell when she returned from her honeymoon with Walter Morosco, and announced that she would retire from pictures and raise a family. We have an idea the old pay check will still look good to Corinne a year hence.

* * *

Every one thought William Farnum buried beneath the sod of obscurity with a stone above his grave bearing the epitaph "Died, a victim of Fox Films." However, it seems there are other routes to the happy hunting ground than the Fox through ticket, for Famous Players-Lasky have dug him out and given him a nice long contract.

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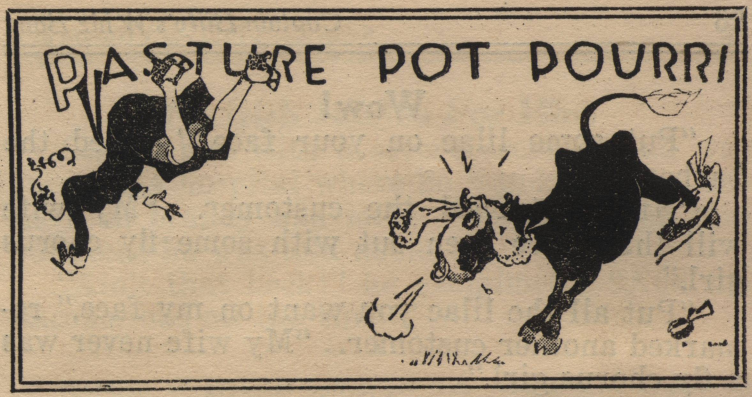

Jack Canuck Tells This One

You had better lay the scene in Scotland, and place the old gentleman nodding beside the fire, waiting for the news that would make him a proud and upright father.

"Mr. Angus Macpherson, ye're the father of a braw wee laddie."

"Aw, weel," he says, turning back to the fire.

Half an hour later:

"Mr. Angus Macpherson, ye're the father of another braw wee lassie."

Very, very slowly he turned from the fire.

"Weel, ma guid woman, ye'd better make certain it's all over. Ma wife's a powerful secretive body."

• • •

In a recent contest to decide which was the more popular, a hug or a kiss, the embrace won by a neck.

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Wow!

"Put some lilac on your face?" asked the barber.

"Nix," returned the customer. "My wife will think I've been out with some fly chorus girl."

"Put all the lilac you want on my face," remarked another customer. "My wife never was a fly chorus girl."

* * *

We will now sing: TAXIS WERE INVENTED IN CHINA BECAUSE THEY GO HONG KONG.

* * *

Little drops of water,
Little drops of rye,
Make a pleasant mixture
As I can testify;
But little drops of soda
With syrup interspersed,
Don't help a man's ambition,
Nor satisfy his thirst.

* * *

Teachin' Geography to a Flapper

Are you Hungry?
Yes, Siam.
Come on, I'll Fiji.

* * *

Purple Cow Horns In

Rose—"Did Reggie blush when his track suit split up the side?"

Mary—"Why, I wasn't noticing."

* * *

To a good woman the finest sport is running down a bad one.

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

No Irish Jubilee For Him

Clancy met with a severe accident and was taken to a hospital where he was kept alive ten days on brandy and milk. When he was convalescent he was told about it.

"Ain't that heck!" he exclaimed. "And me unconscious all the time!"

* * *

Speaking of prenatal influence, Gus recalls that a cow he whacked with a broom had a calf that was not born with a straw hat and a wooden leg.

* * *

She dropped her glove,
He raised his lid,
And picked it up
With—"Oh, you kid!"
"How dare you, sir!"
He smiled at her—
"Excuse me, miss—
It's just like this—
I meant your glove."

* * *

Deep Sea Stuff

Two gentlemen of Hebrew extraction were shipwrecked. For two days they floated around on a life raft. Near the end of the second day one of them cried: "Morris, look! I see a sail!"

"Vell, vat good does dot do us," snapped back Morris. "Ve ain't got no samples."

* * *

In the state of North Carolina it is unlawful to drink mineral water on Saturday night because it might work on Sunday.

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

"Greasy Spoon" English

"Think I'll try an order of beans," says a customer.
"A thousand on a plate," shouts the waiter.
"Beefsteak and onions," says a customer.
"John Bull! Make him a ginny!" shouts the waiter.
"Frankfurters and sauerkraut," says a customer.
"Fido, Shep and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter.
"Hash," says a customer.
"Gentleman wants to take a chance!" shouts the waiter.
"I'll have hash, too," says another customer.
"Another sport!" shouts the waiter.

* * *

GUS CAME ACROSS A PLACE THE OTHER DAY WHERE THEY SELL CHICKEN DINNERS FOR TEN CENTS. IT'S A FEED STORE.

* * *

Speaking of Endurance

He—"Just one more kiss before I leave."
She—"No, we haven't time. Father will be home in an hour."

* * *

Olaf's Mother Goose Rhyme

Hump on my back,
Corns on my feet,
From chasing women
Down Nicollet street.

* * *

Love's Little Lapses

Lou—I loved that man madly for four years.
Sue—What's his name?
Lou—I've forgotten.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

Whiz Bang Fairy Tales

No. 10

SHE was a vision of delight, fragile as a Dresden doll and with a figure of exquisite beauty. She sat on the hotel porch dreaming of moonlit nights, gondolas and sweet serenades.

A tall, handsome man approached, stopped near her and leaned on the rail of the porch and gazed across the moonlit waters. She looked into his eyes flirtatiously.

"Meet me at midnight," she breathed in his ear. "You are my mate. I love you. I'll leave my husband! We'll sell my jewels—they are worth a king's ransom—and we'll see the world together. But promise to meet me at midnight. Will you?"

The man looked at her but did not answer. He wore the patient, vacant look of the deaf. But he wasn't. He neither understood nor spoke English, the poor Swede.

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

A Sophisticated Parrot

A lady living in the city resolved to raise some chickens and purchased a dozen fine hens. A friend suggested that a male companion would be advisable.

After the friend left the lady thought the matter over. As a male bird was required, she decided that her pet parrot "Bill" would do nicely and put him in the hen house.

The next morning she found three of the hens on the floor dead. Bill was on the perch roughly handling a fourth hen.

"Bill!" she screamed. "You wicked bird. What do you mean?"

"I'll kill every one of 'em, if they don't call me sweet papa," replied the wise parrot.

* * *

Lay of the Dental Chair

The hours I spent with thee, dentist,
Are as a string of pearls to you,
You yank them out, every one apart.
My ivories! my ivories!

* * *

Here's a Sun Dodger

"Ohhhh! Lemuel, vat you tink? I was arrested for speedink today."

"Vat, you? Vy, you haf no car, haf you?"

"No, not that. Speedink on the sidewalk."

* * *

The jazz band occupies the same relation to music as a whitewasher does to art.

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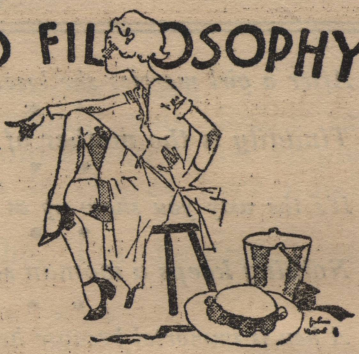
FARM YARD FILOSOPHY



Hearty co-operation beats dignified acquiescence.

* * *

It is more blessed to pung than to chow.

* * *

Hell hath no fury like a sheik in love or a woman "corned."

* * *

A homely face is woman's guide-post to heaven.

* * *

'Tis better to live one day than to vegetate a century.

* * *

It's a wise chick that knows its own incubator.

* * *

En route to perdition a man takes the slow freight; a woman the lightning express.

* * *

Women honor good men, but usually show preference toward those just a little—speckled.

* * *

Friendship between men and women is a beautiful possibility if both begin about eighty.

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

After a girl marries she loses interest in girth control.

* * *

Timidity is the mother of convention.

* * *

It's the way you show up at the show-down that counts

* * *

Nothing keeps a woman so busy as an idle roomer.

* * *

A hen is immortal because her son never sets.

* * *

Many a man has been wrecked by mere trifles—a late train—a stray germ—a casual kiss.

* * *

Some of these little fisher maidens catch a good deal.

* * *

A woman in love acts like a fool; a man in love does not act.

* * *

When a man declares he knows a woman like a book it's a sure sign that he has tried to put her on the shelf.

* * *

There are a lot of earnest little workers struggling hard to collect the wages of gin.

* * *

You can't really judge a man correctly until you see the women who turn up at his funeral services.

* * *

When a woman says she really loves you, LOOK OUT—because she may really mean it.

* * *

Nothing is more charming than a pretty wife, but if you want real honest-to-goodness love, marry a homely girl with a broken heart.

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Recumberating

The new stenographer was dozing on the office sofa when an old friend of her employer's came in. "Are you in charge here now?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, yes," said she, "I'm the present recumbent."

* * *

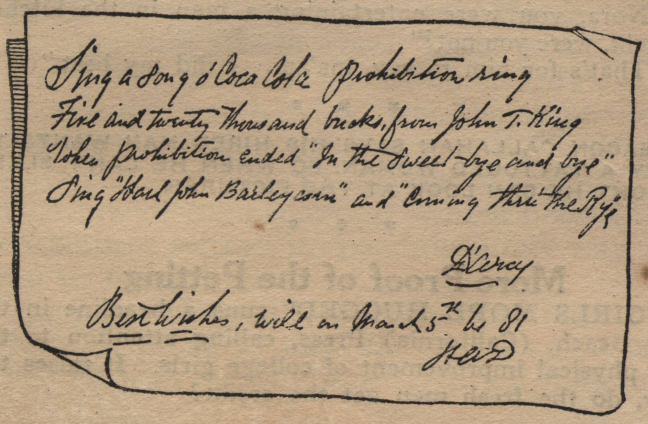
Late Books

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW, BY A. BELTCH.
THE DESERT POOL, BY MUSTAPHA PEEK.
THE HIDDEN HAND, BY OPHELIA HATTE.

* * *

More Power To You, Mr. D'Arcy

*(As an aftermath of the recent conviction of William Anderson, New York state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, Hugh A. D'Arcy, author of that old barroom classic, "The Face on the Floor," has sent the following jingle, which he wrote on his eighty-first birthday, March 5, 1924.—*CAPTAIN BILLY.*)*


Sing a song o' Coca Cola prohibition sing
Five and twenty thousand bucks from John T. King
Votes prohibition ended "In the Sweet bye and bye"
Sing "Hail John Barleycorn" and "Coming thru the Rye"
D'Arcy
Best wishes, will on March 5th be 81
Hard

Bottle-fed at That

"I know a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk and gained ten pounds in weight every day."

"Man, you're crazy! Whose baby was brought up on elephant's milk?"

"The elephant's baby."

* * *

My Joys

I held her hand—she was that kind.
It was so nice and so refined!
And then, when I felt more at ease,
I gave her hand a gentle squeeze.

* * *

"Mother, what 's a Manhattan cocktail?"
"Heaven's on earth, child!"

* * *

Congenial Hostess

"Nora, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"

"That's for him to say, ma'am. I did my best."

* * *

DEACON CALLAHAN SAYS HIS HIRED MAN WANTS TO MARRY A TATTOOED WOMAN, SO WHEN HE CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT HE CAN LOOK AT THE PICTURES.

* * *

More Proof of the Petting

"GIRLS MORE HUGGED" runs a headline in the Long Beach, (California) Press, calling attention to the great physical improvement of college girls. It raises the query, do the fresh men get the credit?

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Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."

THERE seems to be a right smart bit of agitation over the record of 300,000 funerals so far this year in the United States. Those who think the race is thinning out and that the world is fast coming to an end forget that at the same time there have been 350,000 children born who have lived.

The national death rate is now about 12 out of every 1,000 population; but the birth rate keeps ahead of it, which is merely Nature's way of showing that life is worth while, after all.

We're like an army, marching on Life's stage from one wing and leaving from the other—with just a mite of time in the spot-light. That's merely another way of expressing Emerson's "divine law of compensation" which proves that when Nature swings its pendulum one way, it's bound to swing back.

Emerson belonged to the "Concord School" of writers in the early days of American history. It was he who wrote the inscription under the

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statue of the "Minute Man" which stands by the little stream where one of the first battles of the Revolution was fought.

"By the rude bridge which arched the flood,
To April's breeze their flag unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

It was also Emerson who first said, although Elbert Hubbard was afterwards given credit for it in his Philistine Magazine: "If a man made the best mousetrap the world would wear a beaten path to his door, though he lived in the midst of a vast forest."

But he never said a bigger mouthful than when he wrote of Nature's divine law of compensation which always preserves a perfect balance between extremes.

* * *

It is always our desire to meet the gay—but should we not learn to meet the sad ones, who have suffered, that we may share some of the burden of their sorrow? We must not avoid this human responsibility.

* * *

SHOW me a man who achieves success and I'll show you one who possesses punch and vitality. This is true in many surprising instances. Witness the case of our beloved and now departed war president, Woodrow Wilson. A stern, a studious man he was in most affairs, and yet in his moments of relaxation he greatly enjoyed detectives' tales and limericks—especially limericks.

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Here, by the way, are a couple of limericks the like of which drew many a chuckle from the president:

There was a young prince of Siam
Who delighted in Omar Khayyam.
He said to his Omar,
"You are my Homer."
And Omar Khayyam said, "I am."

And this one:

There was a young girl from St. Louie
Who submitted her case to the jury;
She said, "Car twenty-three
Has injured my knee";
And the jury said, "We're from Missouri."

* * *

Howard Carter has found in Egypt the cow-headed couch of Hathor, the Egyptian Goddess of Love. Now, then, watch what the women will wear this spring.

* * *

REVENGE is the pursuit of bad luck. It is never possible in this world for any man to reach contentment by "getting even" with his enemies. We are worn out in the struggle. There is a time when every fellow should take account of stock and a time when every slate should be swept clean of all irritating animosities. No matter how hard we strive to straighten things out it cannot be done. It is like the search for the fourth dimension or the pursuit of the Eleusinian mysteries.

* * *

Thackeray wrote satire in vitrol and blotted the sheet with human sympathy.

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

AFTER all the hullabaloo narrow-minded reformers have raised about the modern girl going to the demnition bow wows, it is refreshing to read the words penned by no less a man than Ruskin, one of the truly great thinkers of all time. "Turn her loose," he says, "into the old library every wet day and let her alone. She will find out what is good for her; you cannot; for there is just this difference between making a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, but you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as a narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall and defile her head in the dust if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way if she takes any, and, in mind and body, must

" 'her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty.'

"Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in the field.

"It knows bad weeds twenty times better than you, and good ones, too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it which you had not thought would have been so." Ruskin wrote a great many things which have stood, and always will stand, the test of time, but nothing as true or as beautiful as the little gem just quoted. Reformers will, of course, refuse to admit it.

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IT MAY be only a cleft in the hill where liquid silver ripples and a ruminant world carries the echo of your voice into the silence of emerald distance; it may be a sodden shack at the end of a bleak and winding trail that creaks beneath the fury of a wintry Norther and sags in the spring beneath the voluptuous breath of a warm Chinook; it may be an opulent castle of Alpine marble standing like an architectural tiara in the golden sunshine of the world; or it may be just one of those countless little corners built upon a backward street, but no matter which of these it is, it is priceless in wonderful gifts if it can wring from the depths of your heart that word of words—HOME.

* * *

One cannot break the spirit of a horse and hope to have it win a race. It is the same with a faithful servant.

* * *

A BATTLE is on for the occupation of the place held in the world of the theater by Sarah Bernhardt. The great Duse has come to America to win local dollars for a later campaign in Europe. The sensational Ida Rubinstein, in the meantime, who is a force in the life of the Italian poet, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, is making a strong bid for Sarah's fame in Paris. So far, it is said neither actress has been too successful, for Bernhardt's position was almost a religion with the French.

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A George-ous Meal

Moses and Rastus, two St. Paul gentlemen of color, were returning from the church dinner.

"Oh, Lordy," moaned Rastus, "I'm sure pisened. Reckon there was ptomaine in that chicken we et."

"Shucks, Moses. You know you complained of feelin' ill afore you went to that dinner."

"Mebbe so, Rastus, but ptomaine don't improve nobody."

* * *

PERHAPS THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE WAS JUST KIDDING AFTER ALL.

* * *

My Montana Bandana

There was a shy lass from Montana,
With the old-fashioned name of Miss Anna;
But in stylish Rochelle
She is called Annabelle,
And says, "yes, de-ar, we have no banana."

* * *

"See here, Cohen, this suit you sold me is full of rust spots."

"We aim to please, mister; didn't you ask for a suit vot vould vear like iron?"

* * *

Chirps From a Very Blue-Jay

Man! Man! when you're married, your murdered;
Man! Man! ain't you a jay—
Man! Man! never get married
And bring up your children in the very same way.

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Heard at the Irish Ball

Abie—"That girl I just danced with said that if I didn't cut out this cheek-to-cheek stuff she would bite my nose."

Izzie—"She said a mouthful, didn't she Abie?"

* * *

Still Another Version

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Jill wasn't what Jack thought her,
For half-way up she slapped his face
And said he hadn't oughter.

* * *

Headline in St. Paul Pioneer Press—"The Day of the Flapper over." But who cares so long as it's only the day.

* * *

Sammy—"Gee, ma, I pulled a bone at the dinner table yesterday."

Mother—"Oh, how lovely! Did your wish come true?"

* * *

When Nero Quits Fiddlin'

Here lies Jessica Rome
Her husband came home.

* * *

One Explanation

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"Dat's provin' dat you wuz at prayer meetin' whar you wasn't, in order to show dat you wasn't at de crap game whar you wuz."

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

Non-Skids?

Two sheiks speaking.

"I've gone three thousand miles without a puncture."

"G'wan, I saw you at a dance the other night with a flat tire."

* * *

Distrust

I hate to use a folding bed,
Because I've oft been told,
That many little lambkins have
Been gathered in the fold.

* * *

With Apologies to Ben Turpin

Love at first sight—just think of the wonderful thoughts we have and would have if only we hadn't been crock-eyed.

* * *

She—What is her social position?
He—Oh, I'd rather not tell.

* * *

Also, the Poor Fish!

Man is a beast—no doubt about it. He roars like a lion, barks like a dog, laughs like a hyena, drinks like a horse, and, meeting a woman, acts like a donkey.

* * *

Two colored soldiers from Alabama were in the front line trenches. Whiz Bangs were whizzing over their heads. One old boy looked at the other one and said: "Does you all know what dem bullets are singing to me?"

"No, black child. What am dey singing?"

"We . . . A—in't Go—in—g Booooack to—Al—Bam."

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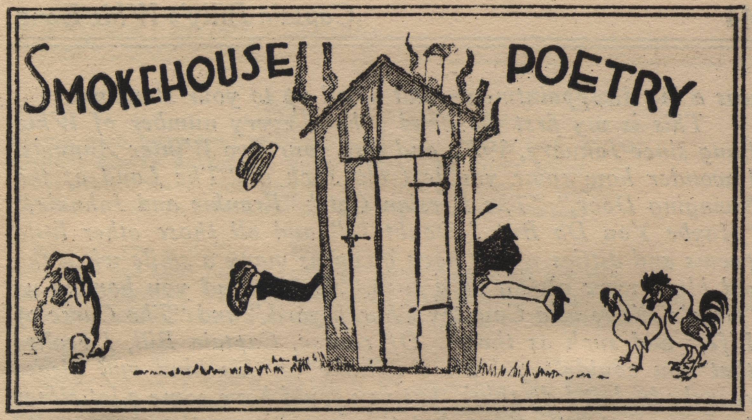

Chicago Blues

(DEAR CAPT. BILLY—*I am enclosing a little poem which you may see fit to use. Don't know who the author is. I picked it up when I was doing my "hitch" a-while back. Here goes*:)

Sooner or later you'll forget
All you're saying tonight—and yet—
'Tis sweet for the stars to kiss the sea,
But not half so sweet as your kissing me.
It doesn't mean a thing, I know,
But I like to hear your line—and so
The moonlit night has a thousand charms,
As I lie content in your warm, young arms.

Kiss my fingers, my hair, my eyes.
Whisper a thousand precious lies!
Kiss my neck, my arms, and then—
Kiss my trembling lips again.
Love me, hold me, just tonight,
'Till all the stars are turning white.

Sooner or later you will forget
All your saying tonight—and yet,
Never mind the bye and bye,
'Cause sooner or later—so will I.

Got real big-hearted today and put out a dollar for your Smokehouse poetry. I had expected something good, but it

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was a big disappointment—not at all up to your standard.

This is my first kick and I have every number of Whiz Bang since January, 1921, and also your two Winter Annuals. I wonder how come you left out such as "The Land of the Swinging Door," "The Persian Cat," "Frankie and Johnnie," "Maybe You Do But I Doubt It," and all those other little poems and ditties which have given us many a smile when the old blues were giving us a rush. And instead you handed us "Grey's Elegy in a Country Church-yard," and "The Curse of Life," and such as those. Of course, Captain Bill, I realize that you couldn't publish a volume of this kind and please everybody, but I do think that you could have come a lot closer to doing that little thing, but this is getting rather long so I'll just say that I have enjoyed your "Pedigreed Bull" a lot. Don't let anyone talk you out of the business.

EARL F. AMIOT, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Earthenware

Boasting of our wealth and virtues rare,
What are we but bits of Earthenware?
Fashion'd by the one Great Master Hand,
All mark'd with the same great Maker's brand,
Some of us are fashion'd tall and fair, Vases for the mansion,
Dresden ware; some of us as ornaments are prized;
Some of us are useful and despised;
Some of us are big pots lined with gold;
Some of us are mugs, and bought and sold;
Some of us are "broke," ah! that's a fact;
Some of us are not broke—only cracked;
Some of us are fashioned fine and true,
Every ray of sunshine gleaming through,
Some of us are coarse and chipped and stained,
But fragrant with the balm of love contained,
Earthenware, just Earthenware,
Vessels of clay, just Earthenware,
All of us made by the one Great Potter,
Some as white as porcelain,
And some as brown as terra cotta;
Earthenware, just Earthenware,
That the Master will repair
When we go to the clay that we came from some day,
Broken Earthenware.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

My Memories

Some men have two million; some men have two wives;
Others marry early and have trouble all their lives.
Still others have rich uncles who let 'em live in ease;
While I confess I've nothing but—a lotta memories!

I haven't got a dollar; I ain't even got a wife;
But I've got that happy feeling; have had it all my life.
So I've followed wine and women; I've lived just as I please.
And I wouldn't take a fortune for my flock o' memories!

I've loved a thousand women; been married only twice.
Though I'd have had a harem if I'd only had the price.
But I've always had some baby doll to cuddle up and squeeze;
So there's a reason why I've got—some devilish memories!

I recall a red-haired beauty; gee! I've forgot her name!
But I can't forget the clever way she played her little game!
She got my cash n' everything by merely saying "please";
And then she skipped and left me just—a lotta memories!

A hundred times or more I've lost a breach of promise suit;
I looked like easy money and the lawyers longed for loot.
The judge gave them the verdict; they put me on my knees;
And then I found I had nothing but—a lotta memories!

Some men like to wander over foreign land and sea;
But the Land of Midnight Suppers is just the land for me.
A flock o' sparkling wine to drink, a pretty girl to please;
A telephone—a taxi—then—a lotta memories!

So I've chronic indigestion; my hair is falling out.
I've an alcoholic liver and an awful case of gout.
The doctor says that some day I'll have swelling of the knees;
I've sowed my oats; but, say! I've reaped—some peachy memories!

* * *

You Said It, Brother

Here's to the cup
That cheered us up—
Here's to the old oak bar—
Here's to the days
That WERE the days
Compared to the days that are!

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Ballade of Futility

By "A. S."

And if Life has passed you by,
And if Love's a serpent's sting,
Must you fret about it? Why?
What's the sense of worrying?
Must you (as the bard says) wring
Pallid hands in anguish? Nay!
Equanimity's the thing!
Nothing matters anyway.

Though your business go awry,
Though the years fresh troubles bring—
Wives that nag and babes that cry—
What's the sense of worrying?
Learn to play Mah Jongg, Pong Ping,
Learn the mandolin to play—
Tinkle-tinkle, ting-a-ling—
Nothing matters anyway.

Even as you sit and sigh,
Papa Time is on the wing,
Soon enough you've got to die,
What's the use of worrying?
Good man, bad man, beggar man, king—
All must come alike to clay;
To the winds your worries fling!
Nothing matters anyway.

L'Envoi.

Friends, how foolish I to sing,
"What's the sense of worrying?"
How I worry when I say,
"Nothing matters anyway!"

• • •

Our Whiz Bang Toast

Here's to the rose that buds and grows
Pluck it and call it your own.
For the rose may fade, and so will the maid
If she lives too long alone.

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The Nine-Fifteen

(May is not only the most beautiful month of the year but it marks the observance of a wonderful thought embodied in Mother's Day, when we render homage to all mothers, living or dead, and, unconsciously, to the mothers that are to come. Every day is, of course, mother's day. Try as we will, we never can lose her influence. "Mother" is, and always will be, the most magical word in the English language. How true this is we learn in the following poem which we have come to regard as one of the finest Whiz Bang ever has printed.— EDITOR'S NOTE.)

The train had left Chicago—
'Twas the nine-fifteen;
The Pullman car was cozy,
And everything serene;
We had a few aged passengers
And some not in their teens,
All bound for the Exposition
To be held in New Orleans.
In a corner of the Pullman
A man sat with a book;
A sleeping babe was on his lap,
He wore a downcast look.
He tried to read, a page he turned,
Then kissed the wee babe's cheek
With such a sad expression
As though he wished to speak.
The day was bright and pleasant,
The scenery was grand,
But it did not interest him—
The man with the book in hand.

At last we stopped for supper.
While the porter dressed our bunks
I went up to the baggage car
To see about my trunks.
We pulled out quick to make up,
We were thirty-eight behind;
And the man with book and baby
Quickly vanished from my mind.
But something soon recalled them
When we slacked up with a jar,
For I plainly heard the baby's
Plaintive cry go through the car.
Some fellow in a lower bunk
With curses low and deep
Said, "Choke that darned brat's wind off
And let us get some sleep."
Then a lady who had heard him
Make this forcible request:

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"Yes, take the horrid thing away,
It won't give us any rest."
An old gray-bearded traveler,
More kindly than the other
Said, "Mister Stranger, take the child
And give it to its mother."
Then the man with baby answered
And in a sad tone said,
"She's aboard, but in her coffin,
In the baggage car ahead."
What a change came o'er the travelers;
Such a change I can't explain.
If I'd caught the man that cursed that child
I'd heaved him off the train.
What a scene was in that Pullman—
Full a hundred arms were there,
All willing to caress it now
And give it every care.
If on God's green earth there is a word
More sacred than another,
A word held dear by one and all,
Six letters spell it—"M O T H E R."

* * *

(Earl Amiot, whose letter and poem occupy first place in Smokehouse Poetry this month, is a good Whiz Bang fan, but he's not above giving my little volume of Smokehouse Poetry a hearty slam or two. H. Llwellyn Barr liked it so well he read it over twice. And there you are. With poetry, as with anything else, it seems mighty hard to please everybody.—CAPT. BILLY.)

Brackenridge, Penn.
Jan. 21, 1924.

W.H. Fawcett, Editor,
Fawcett Publications,
Robbinsdale, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I appreciate your personal reply of the 14th, and your efforts to locate the poem I mentioned in my letter of the 9th.

I have read a copy of your Smokehouse Poetry Book over twice. No finer collection of poems could be put into one volume. Am enclosing two poems from a battered copy of Walter Hurt's "Scarlet Shadow" and I hope you will like them.

Yours truly,

H. Llewellyn Barr

H. Llewellyn Barr.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

"THERE goes another one of my best hair nets. I wish that I had been born a porcupine."

* * *

"Don't be such a clown. This is a taxi-cab not a gymnasium. And I didn't come out to exercise with a dumb-bell."

* * *

"Mother will think I have been out with an architect, I'll have so many blue prints on my arms in the morning."

* * *

"Now, don't you dare go back to that cafe after you take me home. I wouldn't trust you with those conscience killers."

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

Evading Volstead's Vacuum

Ira Jackson, colored, stood once again before the judge, this time charged with being drunk.

"What have you been drinking, Ira?" asked his honor.

"Nuttin', jedge," replied the prisoner.

"Then how did you get drunk?"

"It was this way, jedge," explained Ira: "Ah was walkin' down th' street, mindin' mah own black business, when some crazy niggah ups an' grabs me by th' throat an' squeezes mah Adam's apple so hard Ah just nach'lly filled up on cidah."

* * *

SEEMS LIKE WOMEN CAN'T CATCH ANYTHING ANY MORE, UNLESS THEY EXPOSE THEMSELVES.

* * *

The old red rooster, as he stood on one leg
Asked the hen why she laid the egg.
The old hen cackled, and sang with glee,
"Oh, why do you always pick on me."

* * *

Oh, Youth Where Is Thy Sting!

Hundreds of youths surged outside a hall in Pittsburgh where a schoolgirls' dance was being held. The police were mystified—until one of the hopefuls explained.

The principal of one school had issued a notice, which read: "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses are to be worn above the knee."

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

Gossip is Dance Partner of Richard Barthelmess

New York City, April 1, 1924.

BROADWAY is sponsor for rumors of the growing coldness of two favorites—Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay and friends believe the dark cloud hovering over the home may break at any time. At a recent party given by Arthur Hammerstein in New York it is said that Barthelmess did not once dance with his wife but devoted much attention to Kay Carlin of the Winter Garden chorus and to Louise Groody, while Mary chatted all evening with a group of newspaper men who were present.

* * *

Rather looks as though Irving Berlin's romance with Connie Talmadge was in favor with the Schenck family, for Norma and her husband are cruising off Havana in Irving's yacht.

* * *

WOW! That was some mean jolt BROADWAY BREVITIES magazine recently handed to Bernarr Macfadden. The well-known physical culturist holds a fine and juicy record for pestiferousness and his friends

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

throughout the country are about as plentiful as bicuspids in a buff-cochin hen. Your correspondent has a hunch that the various distributors will get quite a laugh out of this bit of editorial repartee, so here it is in all its nuxated irony:

"Bernarr Loses Generalissimo John"

"We hear of changes in old Bernarr Macfadden's printing menage. It is reported that John Brennan, mainstay of Bernarr's weird publishing outfit, and credited with the origination of TRUE STORY magazine and the success it has attained, will quit on February 1 and go over to the Hearst people. It is whispered that Bernarr's dictatorial nonsense at last got to the breaking point with Herr Brennan, who is justly credited with being one of the most brilliant magazine men in the country. We congratulate both John and the wonderful Hearst organization on the new alliance."

* * *

Kitty Gordon, of the famous back, is in the matrimonial market. Captain Henry Horsley Beresford, Kitty's husband, with whom she has not been living for yawhs and yawhs, died quite recently in Paris. Rumor has it that Ralph Raulet, a wealthy New York broker, will soon claim Kitty.

* * *

OF COURSE, Doug and Mary get some attention when they hit New York, but a lot of their thunder was stolen by two other stars who followed closely on the heels of the famous pair. Strongheart and Lady Julie blew into town on the Twentieth Century and with a few condescending barks at other mem-

bers of the shepherd and police dog families, took a taxi for the McAlpin. Both the canine honeymooners and the biped favorites will make personal appearances in the east.

* * *

Jim Cruze used to phone from Hollywood to New York to his fiance, Betty Compson, every day, but it got kind of expensive so they started sending telegrams. It was a great saving. The phone bill last month was $425 and the telegraph bill has been only $419.75.

* * *

WILL Irene Castle bring little white worms into the house as choice morsels for her canaries? And will her shaggy dogs bark and scrape beneath Major Frederick McLaughlin's family mansion? It is said the blue-blooded McLaughlins are still less enthusiastic over Irene and her "ways" than were the equally blue-blooded but more tolerant Tremans.

But Captain Robert Treman, Irene's recently divorced husband, is said to be taking his downfall very hard indeed and affirms he will never marry again.

* * *

Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese picture star, recently dropped $50,000 in one night at Monte Carlo, we hear. When Hayakawa and his wife lived in Hollywood they were frequent visitors at Tiajuana and played heavily on the races—and lost. Sessue better stick to some form of art.

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

The Little Baggage

"In the fire the other night one of the chorus girls had her trunks slightly scorched."

"Couldn't she remove them in time?"

"No, she had 'em on."

* * *

THE LOVER A WOMAN REMEMBERS LONGEST IS THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER IN LOVE WITH HER.

* * *

Shocking!

Hear the sad tale
Of Sally McSnidge—
She lost simple honors
In a game of bridge!

* * *

Curtailing Production

A gentleman saw a dog get his tail cut off by a train. He took a small box from his pocket put it on the dog's tail and "zip" a new tail came out. The next day he was arrested for retailing without license.

* * *

Somebody's Lyin'

Maggie is so tender-hearted; she wouldn't harm a mountain lion.

* * *

A Blue Jay Special

"Do you know how the rats get in here?"

"Naw."

"Uh-huh."

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

The High Rent Question

"Would you ever wear a rented bathing suit?"

"It depends upon where the rent is."

* * *

Declined With Thanks

(Sign on Garage Door)

"INVITE US TO YOUR NEXT BLOWOUT."

* * *

"Papa Love Mama?"

Johnnie—"Pa, what did prehistoric monsters look like?"

Father—"I don't remember. Ask your mother."

* * *

NAILS IN OUR COFFIN: INCOME-TACKS.

* * *

Horticulture Up to Date

Neighbor—I've some pickled peaches in my car outside.

Hubby—Sh-h, my wife's in the next room.

* * *

Be broad-minded, but be not broad without depth; be not too deep, lest you drown.

* * *

A Hoot From the Orange Owl

Padre—You'll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff.

Old Soak—'Sall right, 'sall right. It won't show with my coat on.

* * *

"The only case of painter's colic in our city," says Dr. C. D. Borglund, of Robbinsdale, "recently came to light when Maggie was found unconscious with a lip stick beside her."

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine

Another Link From the Mink

"Jimmie got in bad at the dance last night."

"How was that?"

"He told Frances that nothing looked better on her than her silver dress."

* * *

A Pinch of Copenhagen

"Woman's love is like Swede snuff,
We get one pinch, and that's enough."

* * *

First Dope-head—"I am going to buy all the oil in the United States and Mexico."
Second Dope-head—"I won't sell."

* * *

Needs Lots of Matches

"He was my fourth husband," sighed the widow. "I cremated them all."

At this an old maid burst into tears.

"How unjust the world is!" she sobbed. "I've never had one man, and you've had 'em to burn!"

* * *

Good-Bye, Cupid, I'm Through

We know a fellow who quit a girl and forgot to give her a transfer.

* * *

There was a young girl named Mabel,
She stood on the dining-room table.
Along came a lad, who smilingly said,
"Just look at the legs on the table."

* * *

DON'T FIDDLE WITH MY PAPA—I CLAIM HIM FOR MY BEAU.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

A Poor Recipe, Maggie Says

(From the Los Angeles Times)

"Because I have never been bothered with a man," is the reason ascribed by Miss Margaret Campbell, of Taylorville, Ill., for her being well and happy on her ninety-sixth birthday.

* * *

Hold 'Em, Cowgirl!

(From the Tucson Citizen)

WANTED—Young lady to teach riding. Must be good horsewoman and refined. No hard-boiled sisters needed. Apply Tucson Riding Club.

* * *

An Ohio Phenomenon

(From the Tiffin (Ohio) Tribune)

For Sale—1-year-old white leghorn hens. Hatched by J. A. Immele. Phone 67R4.

* * *

Why Pay Rent, Eh, James?

(Marriage license issued at Canton, Ohio)

James H. Hobbins, commercial artist, Akron, and Iona Newhouse, 1112 Queen court.

* * *

A Useful Bride

(From the Niles (Ohio) Evening Register

The table, dressed in yellow and white with tall slender candelabras at either end holding yellow candles, shed a soft glow over the dainty bride used as a centerpiece.

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

Oh, Death Where Is Thy Sting?

(From the Waterloo, Ill., Republican)

Notice—I, the undersigned, will notify and warn those who desire it about the false utterances that have been passed, that I have been intoxicated. That is untrue. I have sworn off all intoxicating drinks. Also all females, except my wife and daughter. This is all sworn off all my life time.—F. H. Wiesenborn, Valmeyer.

* * *

The Recipe, Mr. Zuppke, the Recipe!

(Sports Page, Youngstown Telegram)

"Give Grange the ball, let every other Illinois man do his part, and a good gin is assured," were Coach Zuppke's motto.

* * *

One of Those Locker Clubs, What?

(From the Akron Press)

On Saturday the Oakland Club will celebrate their fifteenth anniversary birthday. . . . Past and present members only have been invited to this suspicious event.

* * *

Esther Finds John Cold

John McCormack would pass in a crowd without anyone turning their heads. He has less affection than any man of his prominence that I have ever met.—Esther J. Hamilton, in Youngstown Telegram.

* * *

Sex Equality

(From the Stuart, Neb., Advocate)

BORN: Friday, August 3d, 1923, to Frank Stolepart of Newport, a boy.

* * *

Safety First

(From Stevens Point Journal)

When arrested, Keis was in a railway car with a muzzle of a rifle in his mouth, attempting to pull the trigger with his nose.

* * *

Referred to General Butler

(From the Philadelphia Ledger)

LOST—YOUNG LADY in real estate office in West Phila.; typist; state salary desired. N. 4139, Ledger Office.

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

Preliminary Skirmish

Not long ago our local lumber king, Tom Howard, LL.D. (lumber and lath dealer), was a special guest of honor at a party given by a few of his hard-boiled Minneapolis friends.

"How would you like your meat, sir?" inquired a burly waiter of the man who sat next to Tom.

"Raw."

"And you, sir?" queried the waiter of the man on Tom's left.

"Red, raw meat for me," bellowed the man.

"What'll yours be?" asked the waiter of the guest sitting opposite.

"Bloody, red, raw meat," he roared.

There was a deep silence as the waiter put the question to Tom.

"Aw, blazes," he thundered, "drive in your dod-rotted cow and I'll cut off my own slice."

* * *

A pretty girl clerk in Elmira,
Induced a storekeeper to hira—
But his wife, stern and stout
By chance found it out,
Next day he decided to fira.

* * *

Competition

Two bold stick-up men entered a Broadway cafe the other evening and endeavored to relieve the patrons of their valuables. It is reported that the cafe owners drove the bandits away in a fit of jealousy.

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

Time to Sign the Pledge, Boys

Two moonshine makers were bragging about the quality of their brew. "I make mine so strong," said one, "that the man who drinks it can smell the hayseed in the hair of the man who plowed the corn."

"Huh! That's nothing," replied the other; "I recently spilled a little of mine on a spot where my wife had planted modest violets and darned if they didn't come up tiger lilies."

* * *

WE'VE ALL HEARD OF THE GIRL WHO HAD TO SWIM BACK FROM A MOTOR BOAT RIDE, BUT WE ALL LOOK UP TO THE GIRL WHO HAD TO PARACHUTE BACK FROM AN AIRPLANE.

* * *

The bootlegger is here
With my good rye;
Good morning, good evening,
Good day, good bye!

* * *

Ode to the Bonus Bill

'Twas in a squad room; half past ten, sat Patrick, Tom and other men.

Said Patrick—"Won't you 'phone us when e'er you get your bloomin' B O N U S?"

Said Tom—"I'll do that very little thing when Trotsky and the Spanish King decide to dance the Highland fling, when John D. R. decides to loan us—a million bucks;—we'll get our bonus.

* * *

Ain't her niece nice?
I've never seen them.

Our Rural Mail Box

Belle—One of the most difficult assignments for a cub reporter is to try to talk to a bride a few minutes after she has been married.

* * *

Maid—The best way to kill bed bugs is to chase 'em up the spiral bed springs until they get dizzy and then suffocate them with a sock.

* * *

Ima Bear—Certainly Eighteen can love Fifty. It's only a little less than three apiece.

* * *

Tommy Rot—I agree with you, Laydon. It's udderly impossible to get butter direct from cows.

* * *

Al Falfa—That story of the oxtail soup is going way back—but it's bully.

* * *

Ella Vate—Ask your husband if he's a traveling salesman. I'll bet he knows a lot of good stories.

* * *

Buddy—You could have at least given her the sailor's farewell.

Watch for the New Fawcett magazine. Out May 3d.

The Shades of Night Are Falling Fast!

"I saw that artist's model come into her room across the way last night and remove her shoes and stockings."

"Yes; go on."

"Then she removed her skirt."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Then she pulled down the shades."

* * *

MAGGIE TOLD GUS THAT I HAD A BAD CASE OF LUMBAGO AND GUS SAID HE DIDN'T CARE HOW BAD IT WAS HE WOULD BE GLAD TO HELP ME DRINK IT.

* * *

Going the Limit

I went ten rounds with Dempsey,
And I am feeling fine;
For it was on a Ferris wheel—
His seat was next to mine.

* * *

A Total Eclipse

A former proof reader on the Akron Press was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note asking: "What is the west end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply: "The end the sun sets on, of course."

Coming! A New Magazine of Virile Stories. May 3d.

Too Tempting

Jock McDermott had made his great New Year resolution, and had signed the pledge, and the news spread quickly.

One of his friends said to him: "D'ye mean to tell me, Jock, that ye're no' going tae have another drink as long as ye live?"

"Aye, I do."

"D'ye mean tae say that if ye were standing in a lake filled with whisky richt up tae yer knees ye would no' be caught bending?"

"Nay!"

"Well, suppose it was richt up tae your armpits, would ye no' stoop?"

"Nay!"

"Well, if it was richt up tae your chin—and it is Scotch whisky I'm talking o'—would ye no' sip it?"

Here Jock began to waver a little; the prospect was too tempting. There was a pause, then:

"Well, I'm no' saying I would, mind ye, but I micht mak' a wee ripple with my hand!"

* * *

PROHIBITION IS BETTER THAN NO LIQUOR.

* * *

Memories

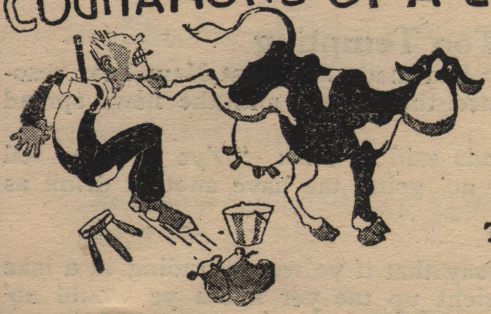
Ah, don't ye remember, Acushla,
In the days 'ere the government's ban,
When the rye was a dollar a bottle,
And the beer was a nickle a can?
In the days when the country was free, lad,
Sure, ye'll not be forgettin' a bit,
When the hootch was two drinks for the quarter
An' a scuttle o' suds was a jit.

* * *

Woman poses and man proposes.

On May 3d ask for Captain Billy's new magazine.

COGITATIONS OF A COW VALET



By GUS
The Hired Man

A HAWG has more sense in a minute than a hoss has in a year; try to tie a hawg up some time and see how you come out.

A cow and a hen don't know nothin'; go fuss with a settin' hen an' go learn a calf to drink outta a bucket.

But a dawg, say man, a dawg is wolf, and a wolf is wise.

I've got a dog that is houn', terrier, bull and cur all mixed—his ma was susceptible an' his dad was a traveling man. But that dog knows more in a minute than I'll know when Gabe toots his trumpet.

That kiyoodle was born hungry an' the good red blood of a settin' hen drenches his young heart about right. I figger it's nineteen hens I've dug up outta my wages for th' pup in three months; an' there's a lotta hens we ain't sayin' a thing about. He's gettin' wise, catches 'em back of th' silo an' drags 'em in th' bushes when anybody comes—saves me a dollar a day that a 'way.

Straight wolf that pup, but, man, just let Pedro get rampagin' aroun' down in th' lower pasture an' snortin' at me when I drive th' herd home; that houn will be on his nose an' make him like it so quick that a red hen or two ain't nothin'.

A hoss, I concludes, is a gent; a cow is a fool; an, a dog is real folk.

GUS.

On sale May 3d, our Mystery-Western Magazine.

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Ye Hounds of Whiz Bang

for

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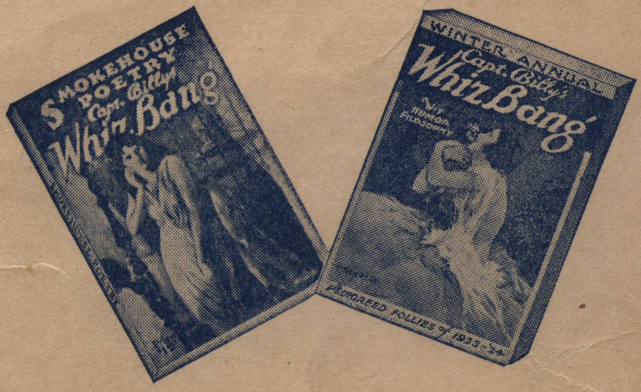
Smokehouse Poetry Book
and
1923-24 Winter Annual

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